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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. IV

SEPTEMBER 24, 1942

NO. 23

SALUTING GENERAL MANAGER H. ROSCOE BRINTON UNION CITY CORRESPONDENT SAYS "BEST!"

by Larry I. Walden, Jr.

Here's H. Roscoe "Curly" Brinton, General Manager and Director of Flying at Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

Mr. Brinton was born and reared in Falls Village, Conn. He was for a period of time engaged in the turpentine business at Leasburg, Fla., during which time he met and later married his wife.

He started his Aviation career in 1922 by soloing an Avro, which was powered by a Lerhone rotary motor.

In 1925, P. H. Spencer Flying Service of Hartford, Conn., was bought out by Roscoe Brinton and Harry Copeland to form the Copeland-Brinton Flying Service. Later Mr. Brinton formed the Eastern States Aircraft Corp. at Springfield and Pittsfield, Mass., during which time he was the distributor for the OX Commander Plane.

In 1929, he sold out to the Curtiss Flying Service and became Manager for the Curtiss Co. at the Springfield Airport.

South and East

The year following, Curtiss closed out most of their bases and we find the organization of the Brinton-Bayles Flying Service Corp. From 1929 to 1932, many cities and villages throughout the South and East were visited by them. Every town visited looked forward to their return, for the entertainment provided by Roscoe Brinton, Lowel Bayles, and Len Povey was the best to be seen at any Air Meet in the Country.

One of the outstanding attractions of the Circus was the performance by one of the first low-wing monoplanes ever built in this country, the G B Sportster. The G B was entered in the All-American Circus Air Derby Race in 1930. The course to be flown was around the border of the United States; the first prize being \$25,000. In this entry the plane was flown by Roscoe's flying partner, Lowel Bayles, who finished in second place.

Purchased a Chute

One day in the early part of 1931, our friend, Roscoe, was preparing to depart



H. Roscoe Brinton, General Manager and Director of Flying at Embry-Riddle Field

from Springfield, Mass., to go over to Brattleboro, Vt., to aid in the dedication of the Municipal Airport. On making ready for his departure, he found that all the parachutes had already been taken by the others that had left before him. Strange as it may seem, at that very moment a man, unknown to Mr. Brinton, walked in with a parachute for sale. Immediately Roscoe purchased the chute and took off for Brattleboro Airport in the G B Sportster, not realizing that he would soon be using the chute.

Caterpillar Club

Shortly after he arrived, the time came for his exhibition. Taking the G B up to about 3000 feet, he put the ship into an inverted spin from which he was unable to recover. Roscoe left the Sportster at about 1000 feet and, for a few seconds, had quite some experience as the chute didn't open until he was about 300 feet above the ground. Shortly after this, H. Roscoe Brinton was awarded a membership to the Caterpillar Club.

Later in this same eventful year of his life, his partner, Lowel Bayles, won the Thompson Trophy Race at Cleveland with an average speed of 296 miles per hour. In that same year, Bayles was killed at Detroit, breaking the world speed record while flying the G B Racer.

Joins Embry-Riddle

In 1932, Brinton became manager of the Pittsfield, Mass. Airport at which he conducted student training and charter service until he became employed by Embry-Riddle Co. in November, 1940. While in Miami, Brinton taught one Secondary CPT Program and flew instructors in refresher school preparatory to the opening of Carlstrom Field where he became an instructor in March, 1941.

As the Field grew, he was promoted to Flight Commander, then to Stage Commander, and before he left Carlstrom Field, he was promoted to Assistant Director of Flying. His latest promotion has been to the position of General Manager of and

Continued on Page 5

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by
EMBRY-RIDDLE



RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL of AVIATION
Miami, Florida

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO
INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.

RIDDLE-McKAY AERO COLLEGE
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida

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CHARLES C. EBBETS, *Staff Photographer*

Letters to the Editor

England
August 11, 1942

Dear Editor:

Greetings from your erstwhile correspondent in this "tight little isle" and best wishes to everyone connected with the House of Riddle, from "Boss" Riddle right down to the newest member of your mighty fraternity.

Please extend my special good wishes to Captain Povey, Jack Hunt, Syd Pfluger, Larry Walden, Doug Hocker, Joe Woodward and my good friend and instructor, George Dudley.

As you may have heard from Nate Reece, I am now under training as a flying instructor and within the next two weeks hope to get my instructors rating and go out to one of the schools for training bomber pilots.

I have already qualified as an instructor in a specialized branch of flying (no more details, sorry) and may have the chance to devote myself to that type of work.

I'm not in touch with many of the boys who were in Class 42A with me at Carlstrom, but I occasionally hear news of them. Walter Stiffin and Charlie Leeming are together in the same Spitfire Squadron; Rae Smart, I believe, is on night fighters; Tom Towle is in Coastal Command. I am trying to trace Bill Harrison, who was our Cadet Captain, but so far have no news of him. Reg Trapp, who was eliminated on his final check ride at Carlstrom and eventually went out to California for further training, has been back here some time as Pilot-Officer. Two others, who failed to make the course, Fred Chesney and Alec Barratt, are now Air Gunners. I believe Chesney is instructing at Pensacola.

That's all the news for now. Get your nose down and keep 'em flying.

Your old friend,

ARTHUR L. PRANDLE

Sgt. A. L. Prandle,
R.A.F.V.R. 1074156

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

124, Bury New Road
Whitefield, Near Manchester
Lancashire, England
Saturday, August 22, 1942

Dear Sir:

I suppose that you will already have guessed that I was one of the U/K cadets trained at one of E. Riddle's Fields—it was Class 42B (Carlstrom) to be exact.

You may also be wondering what it is all about—Well, I was home on leave a short time ago and, looking through my collection of photographs of Carlstrom, I realised that this time twelve months ago I was waiting for Graduation Day, which, if I am not mistaken, was September 25th.

Also, I wanted to express my thanks for all your magazines which I have been receiving ever since I got back to England

in March this year. The Fly Paper is read by all the boys in our Flight Office and in the other Flight here.

There are still a number of 42B Class with me here—Tony Tate, J. H. Wickson, A. W. Watson, Bob Tarling, Peter Wass, D. R. Lealand and Jock Thomson. We all are still in touch with quite a lot of the rest of the class, but we have been split up all over the country. Some on Fighters, some on Bombers.

I am very sorry to say that one of Class 42B was killed—(censored)—His name was Alan Winchester.

I should like to pass on my regards to a couple of friends of mine out there (if the Fly Paper can spare me a couple of lines?) They are both at Carlstrom—Stacia Dozier and my (first flying) Instructor, Al Janes. I should like to thank Al—if it hadn't been for his patience I would never have been flying these Spitfires now—and wouldn't have missed that for anything.

I wish, and I think it goes for us all, that I was going into Sarasota this weekend. Happy Days!

Well, I must close now. I hope you don't mind me writing this, but I'll say thanks again.

(Keep 'em Flying, Carlstrom).

I remain, Sir,

Yours Sincerely,

"WALLY" WHITTAKER

P.S. I'd like to be remembered to Bud Beland also. (He once wrote in the Fly Paper that he thought that I looked a Typical American College Boy.)

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

46 Norfolk Road, Sheffield, 2
Yorks, England
Sept. 9, 1942

Dear Editor:

Many thanks to you for sending us the Embry-Riddle "Fly Paper," which I receive regularly. It is a real tonic to read your breezy news. Believe me, my eyes are glued to every word from beginning to end. My son, like other boys from England stationed at Clewiston, is all praise for the wonderful hospitality shown to them by the people of U. S. A. I would particularly like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Parsons of Turican Villas, Palm Beach, who have been so kind in entertaining our boys.

My husband and I would like the opportunity to reciprocate and would be glad for you to pass on our address to any of the U. S. A. boys coming to this country. Although "eats and drinks" are rationed, we are willing to share and give them a home from home.

Good luck to you and your paper.

I am

Yours truly,
HELEN HODSON

LOST!

Louis Nelson, Accounting Department, has lost her plain, sterling silver, link bracelet either on the porch or on the elevator. Whoever finds it, PLEASE return it immediately, 'cause Miss Nelson is lost without it.

STRABISMUS' FIRST LETTER FROM BRITAIN

To the Boys of Ramplings Holiday Camp, the Dorrians and all the Embryo Riddles . . . GREETINGS.

'Tis a long while, forsooth, since we have cluttered the pages of your illustrious rag. Since reaching this green Isle many things happened, which made writing difficult.

No. 5 Course is now happily installed in various AFUs throughout the country.

England is hot and drowsy . . . bees drone in the lime trees, the crops are ripe, and in spite of what you hear, the food is good.

Gay London

London is as gay as ever . . . "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" is playing at last at the Prince of Wales theatre, to the enlightenment of the men of the Forces who couldn't understand half the jokes that their girl friends in uniform laughed at.

C. B. Cochrane has a couple of shows running and George Black has another super musical. The propaganda war films have at last reached a level of first class movies, and there are three excellent ones at the moment.

The best value in food is at Meurice (nee Quaglinos), a very good dinner with

hors d'oeuvres completely covering the plate, (criterion of a good meal nowadays) dance, and a floor show at two dollars a head.

Unimpressed Colonels

The "Nut House" still rages and is packed with Americans. Strabismus and girl friend took a drove of Army Air Corps Colonels there last week. They were quite unimpressed, except by the atmosphere, and missed the cabaret completely owing to the dancers refusing to sit down. The evenings are frequently improved by a raid from the police, which adds much to the entertainment.

Bournemouth, where we were first sent, is the last of the gay seaside resorts. Concerts, dances, movies, and parties every night. Beautiful parks reminiscent of Miami.

Pukka Station

Arthur Hollis, Spud Murphy, and Iswyn Thomas are multi-engined instructors. Dugie Houghton and Strabismus are in Fighter Command. This is a pukka station. Lots to do, and plenty of beer, Waafs, entertainment, ground school, flying, and a pretty good mess. "Is you wantin' any more corn, Massa Serjunt?" Ah sho is.

Dieppe Show

We happened to be staying at a secret transmitter RT station during the Dieppe show. We heard the whole thing first hand from the fighter boys as they put up a fine umbrella over the Channel. It was bad luck about the E boats, but the RAF and Air Corps, as usual, put up a magnificent show and gave Jerry a very hard game on his own ground. Haw Haw screeched with rage and contempt, but not many people bothered to listen to him.

"Eggs" Dropping

To George and Kenneth (the Western Brothers) and of course Nick: Houghton and Feeny report that all their "eggs" were dropped in Leicester and other predetermined objectives, from which operation all our bootleggers returned safely.

Well, Boys, I guess that's about all for the moment. Paper shortage and all that, don't you know. Incidentally, you budding birdmen, you do bags of Link over here. (That shook yer).

Bye, Bye, now, you grapefruit-sodden, cigarette-choked, you lucky people . . . Bah, Gourmands.

P. S. — Strabismus (Nee Sarge Robt. Leslie) never gets mad at parcels arriving addressed to him at the Eagle Club, London. Paid Adv.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Miami, Fla.

September 20, 1942

To the Editor of the "Fly Paper":

By the very kind invitation of my daughter, an employee of Embry-Riddle, and Mr. Dietrich, I had a very pleasant and interesting two hours at your lovely school. I first had a very splendid lunch and then was escorted through the various departments of the school. It's grand!

I have been the mother to the students since last April 19, 1940, when I received my first boys from there. Robert Ohlinger and Elmer Hilbrandt came to live at my home; then came Rondo Sullivan, a grand little Irish man. Then came Tim Williams, now an instructor at Embry-Riddle; then George Kirtland, Todd Davidson, Gilbert Wilkerson, Bud Carter, Buck Setzer, Bud Hancock, Ben Pollack and Bob Publicker.

Then I had Robert Ohlinger a second time. He is a flight instructor at Clewiston Field. I also had Ed Pollack, an uncle of Ben Pollack; so you see I have sort of earned the name they gave men here as Mom Gates, and I have learned to love these very fine boys. They are all grand boys.

Oh! Yes I must not forget another lovely boy, Lt. Don Williams. He is another of my boys. Until yesterday I never realized how fine and what extreme improvements had been made. I'm proud of you and I really can understand why these boys all do so very well. They couldn't fail in such a grand school. Thanks again for a lovely afternoon.

MOM GATES



CENTRAL AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATED

MIAMI—With the flags of the Central American countries proudly displayed, this interesting group had luncheon together at the Tech School on September 15th. Standing, from left to right, are William V. Rivas, Manuel Poveda, Juan F. Mena, Ladislao Guerrero, Samuel W. Bodden, and Ovidio Palma. Seated, Benito Oliva, Mrs. Clarke Stearns, Mr. John Paul Riddle, Miss Elaine Devery, and Romeo Rodriguez.

by ERIC SUNDSTROM

September 15th marked the 121st anniversary of the independence of the five Central American countries. Three of these countries are represented by students under the Inter-American Training Program at the Tech School.

Nicaragua is represented by William V. Rivas, Samuel Bodden, Ladislao Guerrero, Israel Silva, and Juan Mena. From San Salvador we have Manuel Poveda and Romeo Rodriguez, while Ovidio Palma and Benito Oliva are from Honduras.

In honor of these three countries, and in honor of the students, the National colors were displayed in front of the Tech School building and the occasion was celebrated with a luncheon in the cafeteria.

After a delicious repast, when Mr. Riddle, Mrs. Clarke Stearns, and Elaine Devery were guests of honor, the trainees returned to their normal classes. They fully realized that even their Independence Day had to be overlooked in order to continue their preparation for the great tasks that they, as well as we, have before them.

UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Larry I. Walden, Jr., Editor

James Glover, Writer; Alva Nelle Taylor, Katherine McVay, Jane Bratton, Ken Stiverson, Lynelle Rabun, A/C Frank Conrad, A/C Hal Richardson, A/C Tom Collins, A/C B. R. Fern, Associates



Assistant Director of Flying, "Boots" Frantz

Man of the Week

T. E. "Boots" Frantz, Assistant Director of Flying, Riddle-McKay Company of Tennessee.

Dear Guys and Gals:

Our friend is a native of Roanoke, Va. "Boots" took up aviation as a career, first as a hobby in 1929, at which time he completed his first successful solo flight. While gaining experience in the art of flying, he was also engaged in the automotive repair and service business which he owned.

Frantz entered the employment of the Standard Oil Company in 1935 during which time his week-ends were spent taking part in the well known art of "Barn Storming" throughout the neighboring villages.

In 1938, he organized and started the "Frantz Flying Service" of Roanoke, Va., which he continued until his employment with the Riddle Aeronautical Institute of Arcadia, Florida. During the operation of the "Frantz Flying Service," there was quite an attraction performed one day; that of flying a Waco Cabin Plane backwards with ten men dangling from various parts of the ship. A sudden wind storm not only destroyed the airplane but injured several men trying to save the Waco.

"Peep 40"

He went to Arcadia in February of 1941 to take up the duties of Instructor under Flight Commander Ellis. He received his first promotion in May of the same year to that of Assistant Flight Commander under Brinton. In August, "Boots" became Flight Commander, holding this position until his promotion to Stage Commander and later Assistant Director of Flying at Embry-Riddle Field at Union City, Tennessee.

After being chased by Audrey Kennedy of Roanoke for six years, he finally caught up with her in 1929, and was successful in persuading Audrey to change her name for the duration.

"Boots" Frantz is known in these parts as the man with the "Culver Cadet," which was nicknamed by Class 43A as the "Peep 40."

One of the Instructors, in the course of conversation, the other day, said, "Mr. Frantz is one of the few men that I have ever met who is 'All wool and four yards wide'." In making this statement, he revealed the sentiments of all the Riddle-McKay employees.

Letter From Class 43A

Here, guys and gals, is a letter from a member of the Class 43-A which recently graduated from Embry-Riddle Field. This class is now in Basic at Greenville, Miss.

"We arrived on time and in good shape, after an uneventful trip down here. We took it easy; had breakfast in Memphis about nine-thirty and at one o'clock dinner here in Greenville. We reported here at Cadet Headquarters at two-thirty-five.

"This is a large field here with plenty of airplanes, and all kinds of personnel. Speaking of the personnel, they certainly do keep us busy. We get up at six in the morning and leave the barracks at six-thirty, and then march a few army blocks to eat. At the present time we are going to



Flight Instructors, Flight I, left to right, "Flywheel" Jones, Flight Commander, Galloway, Rabun, Tate, Franks, Woodward, Bangs, and Reece.

school in the morning and flying in the afternoon. We don't get away from the flying line until seven-thirty and eat at eight-thirty. Of course, we are in bed at the late hour of ten o'clock. As you can easily see, we had a veritable rest cure at dear 'Old Embry-Riddle.'

"The flying is fine; the BT doesn't bother me so much, but I am worried about soloing that Link Trainer. It's the berries!

"As the fellows get together down here, many are the stories of life at Primary Schools throughout the Southeast AAF Training Center, but none of them can come along close to the fun and the treatment we received back at Embry-Riddle. No sir! Thanks a million!"

Sincerely,

EUGENE M. BUSSARD

Excellent Record

And another letter, guys and gals, of which we are very, very proud, is the one received by our C.O., Major Weldon M. James, this week, from Major General Ralph Royce, the new Commanding General, Southeast Army Air Forces Training Center. The letter reads as follows:

Subject: Accident rate.

"1. Your attention is directed to Aircraft Accident Report for the period July 5 to August 7, 1942.

"2. Analysis of the reference report reveals the excellent record attained by your school in conducting your operations with a very low accident rate. It is especially gratifying to note the extremely small number of taxiing, landing and ground-loop accidents as compared with other similar schools. The proper instruction in the basic fundamentals in handling aircraft on the ground plays an important part in reducing accidents in the later stages of training and combat operations.

"3. It is apparent that the excellent results attained at your school are the product of proper supervision and instruction. The efforts of your military and civilian personnel in accomplishing the training with a low accident ratio are most gratifying.

"4. It is desired that the contents of this letter be made known to all members of your organization."

And we are all glad to know it, too. Embry-Riddle is doing its part to keep 'em flying!

Another Marriage

Another wedding is soon to take place. That of Miss Mary Virginia Woods and Mr. Jack Sandford. Miss Woods is now employed as a "hello" girl. Luck to you, Va.!

Visitors to the Field of interest this week have been Mr. U. J. Hiss, head of Embry-Riddle Mess Halls. (Mr. Hiss was delighted over the fine way the Mess Hall here is coming along. He stated that he could not believe the excellent reports he had heard of this Field and just had to come up and see). Mr. Frank Wheeler, and our friend, Ed Avery, of the DPC.

We're glad to see our Chef, Bert Taylor, back from his trip to Miami. Also, Capt. Breeding is back from a trip to Maxwell Field.

Brinton's Puddle-Jumper

The latest "hot" news could be centered around our General Manager, H. Roscoe Brinton, and his recently purchased "puddle-jumper." This little two-wheeled contraption gets you there and brings you back and all the girls think it's the "cutest thing." Mr. Brinton will be puttering around



Flight Instructors, Flight II, left to right, "Boots" Frantz, Assistant Director of Flying, Ed Kairit, "Chick" Clark, Flight Commander, Cain, Housley, Vowell, Brannon, Waldron, Eger, Long, and Jones.

quite a bit on his motor scooter now, we think.

At this writing, Charlie Sullivan has gone to Louisville to bring his wife home from the hospital, after a few week's illness.

Welcome Lt. Tolar

Speaking of the Army Personnel, we are glad to announce the arrival of the successor to Lt. Don Hamblin, Intelligent Officer. His duties will be taken over here by Lt. John N. Tolar, arriving from Maxwell Field. Lt. Tolar is a native of Orlando, Fla., and is a lawyer. For the past two years, he has been a special investigator for the Department of Agriculture. Lt. Tolar attended Officers' Training School at Miami, then spent a brief time at Maxwell Field before coming here. He is 30 and married. Welcome to Embry-Riddle Field, Lt. John N. Tolar!

In our pictures this week, we are featuring the Flight Operations. We announce the promotion of Johnny Brannon to Flight Commander. He will be assisted by Instructor Bob Boyle. Another promotion has been that of Ray Ryan to Flight Commander of Flight Three. Ryan's assistant will be Instructor Jessie Tate.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

Credit Where Credit Is Due

We wish to apologize to Larry Walden, who is our correspondent from Embry-Riddle Field at Union City, for not giving him credit for an exceptionally good article.

In the September 3rd issue of the "Fly Paper" we published a plea to the entire organization to join one hundred percent in our Payroll Bond Deduction Plan.

Entitled "Do Your Part" it should have had Larry Walden's name on the by-line. He wrote it, it was good, and he should receive credit for it. Sorry, Larry.

The Voice of Experience

Are the station wagon drivers going to have trouble with "Boss" Riddle and "Joe" Horton?

Elaine Chaulk tells of a distressing experience the other day. It seems she had taken those two important gentlemen to the Aircraft Overhaul Department, and while waiting went inside to get out of the sun.

The two emerged, looked around and found not Elaine; so Boss Riddle hopped in and started to drive merrily off—with Elaine screeching in pursuit.

Once is enough for Elaine—now she takes her keys into the shade too.



Embry-Riddle Field Operations Tower.

DORR DOINGS

by Jack Whitnall

More nice shrubery around the Link building, also the addition of Pmts. A. L. Martin and A. C. Lofgren as instructors, welcome, fellows, we hope you enjoy your stay.

A coat of wax on the Operations Tower's floor a big improvement, we're going to see if we can't get Eddie Johnson, Eddie Giles and Clinton Parlor to sneak off sometime and give the floor at the front gate a coat of wax.

Venetian blinds and more Venetian blinds all over the place, the Operations Tower the Administration building and Mr. Cullers office.

Two new gates at the gate house in front all manipulated from inside the building so the guard doesn't have to get outside in the weather, (note to Gus Hendry) come over and see us sometime, you think you've got a fancy Dog House with all the picot edges; the fact is, Gus, everyone that sees these gates wants to stop and help us work 'em.

We're glad to see Guard Eb Smith back on the job, Eb's been in the Hospital in Jacksonville for the past 3 weeks — too many frog legs no doubt?

Here and Thar

Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Read who were wed this past week.

Did'ja notice all the pretty gals, pretty flowers and pretty hair, in the Army side of Administration this past week?

Mrs. Eugenia Welles joined the Embry-Riddle staff this morning—remember she is that pretty blonde lady who has been with the Wheeler Company for some months past. Welcome, Genie.

Today—extremely warm—and yet Lt. Jennings and Sgt. Hamilton "playing" tennis. Makes one 'most ashamed to even mention the weather while merely sitting behind a desk.

H. ROSCOE BRINTON

(Continued from Page 1)

Director of Flying for the Riddle-McKay Co. of Tenn., effective June 1, 1942.

As far as we know, he and his son, Roscoe, Jr., at Clewiston, make up the only Father and Son combination of flight instructors in our company.

A treat for anyone on days that flight operations are closed is to gather in the flight tower and listen to his endless repertoire of jokes.

Through his twenty years of flying experiences, he has flown over 4000 hours and has yet to receive his first injury. This is a marvelous record, which, he says, "could not have been achieved without exceptional good luck and assistance from the guardian angel."

We can truthfully say that Mr. H. Roscoe Brinton is one of the best managers that anyone could ever expect to have, with no exceptions.

PROGRAM

The Riddle "Family Theatre"

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Feature Picture

"TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND"

With Jack Benny, Gene Raymond
and Nancy Carroll

Monday, September 28th
RIDDLE FIELD

Tuesday, September 29th
DORR FIELD

Wednesday, September 30th
CARLSTROM FIELD

Thursday, October 1st
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Feature Picture

"I MET MY LOVE AGAIN"

With Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda
and Alan Marshall

Thursday, October 1st
RIDDLE FIELD

Friday, October 2nd
DORR FIELD

Monday, October 5th
MIAMI TECHNICAL DIVISION

For Exact Time and Place,
See Your Superior Officer
Admission Charge, Ten Cents



CARLSTROM FIELD, R. A. I. NEWS

Jack Hobler, Editor

We have all heard of Rose Bowl, Orange Bowl, Sugar Bowl, and Dust Bowl football games, but here at Arcadia last Friday night was played the dilly of them all. It was fought between the local high school varsity and a conglomeration of pseudo-all-stars from Carlstrom, Dorr, and Riddle Fields, plus some of the said high school's alumni.

The Finger Bowl

We called it the Finger Bowl game, mainly because so many people had their fingers in the administrative end of the All-Stars playing. Honestly, we had six quarterbacks, ten coaches (not to mention the grandstand type), and some twenty-two captains. With a line-up like that, we should have overrun those little high school boys, but something must have been wrong because they practically overran us.

With two nights of desultory practice behind us, we sallied forth to do battle, only to find out that other people had different ideas about who was to do this and who was to do that. The well-laid signal system, drilled into us by "Butter Fingers" Sebreny, evaporated in the evening dew, and the fine, solid line defense achieved in practice by us less-experienced All-Arcadians was dissipated by the onslaughts of seven little boys in green jerseys opposite us.

Making Holes

These kids were pretty serious; every time I.t. Wood (abbreviation stands for

either left tackle or lieutenant) invited them to "run this play through me," they did just that. He made holes in the line that our opponents just couldn't help but get through. Billy McRae drank so much water that they had to get him a bucket all by himself, and, laden down with the liquid when he lunged at his opposing guard, something had to give. Billy made some right good tackles that way.

First blood was drawn when someone scratched the handsome Hamilton proboscis, but it didn't deter him from running futilely all over the field to be Johnny-on-the-spot—even when there wasn't any spot. Witch Meyers, all the way from Clewiston to play in this gridiron classic, made some fine runs and threw some pretty good passes; I say "pretty good" because it was evident that he threw them too hard for his receivers to handle permanently. Johnny Shores, the Stanford Standout, had to drop five out of five of Witch's passes because they felt like they had gunpowder behind them, and Sebreny dropped the same reason.

Fullback Edwards, occupying the bench with some more unpublicized pigskin-carriers, drew more cheers from the stands than the rest of the entire team combined. Joe Woodward and myself starred with some brilliantly long passes and punts—between the halves. We'd been removed after three plays for taking it too easy on the opposing kids so as not to hurt them

too much with our superior weight. We did get back in for the last two plays, however, and all our pent-up energies went into effectively blocking the line for passes by literally falling on our opponents; the poor kids couldn't move under 200 pounds apiece.

Expert Dresser

Sergeant Sam Mummery did a wonderful job of getting the various players into their well-fitting uniforms with the aid of shoe-horns, girdle-stretchers, and corset-lacers. Then he manned the water bucket during the first quarter, forsaking this job for that of minding the two rolls of adhesive tape that comprised our first-aid kit. Lieutenant Les Douglass coached and made substitutions, ably assisted by half the team and all the spectators on our side of the field. Yet the game was well attended, since the public had been adequately fooled by prior newspaper write-ups.

It was a team of unlimited possibilities that played those DeSoto Bulldogs—possibilities held in check by a teamwork that functioned as long as each man had his teammates doing what HE wanted them to do. Lucky for us, the game ended in a scoreless, but not scareless, tie; otherwise we'd have had someone to put the entire blame on for allowing the Bulldogs to score.

Mystery Solved

A rather interesting item has just come up for our consideration, and we deem it worthy of print. For some months now, the guards here at Carlstrom have been busily engaged in an important project. Much secrecy has surrounded their surreptitious visits and stays in the vicinity of the east hangar, but now it can be told. This coming Saturday, September 26th, a raffle will be held at ten cents a chance—on a huge, 35-pound watermelon, that has actually been grown here at Carlstrom Field! This, then, has been what was going on alongside that hangar all the time. Nursed by tender care during its growth in this exotic climate, it has been watched over and guarded by pistol and shotgun, lest some snooper be aware of its potentialities and deign to pilfer it from its earthen cradle.

To match the labors of the guards in raising this overgrown cucumber, Kay Bramlitt and Bob Bullock have had chance tickets made up, and the drawing is tentatively set for Saturday. All proceeds will go to the local U.S.O. to provide some of the comforts of home to the boys in the service. We ask your generous support with this question: How would YOU like to win a real, genuine aeronautical watermelon, grown right here on one of the largest Primary training fields in the world?

Nimrods

The fishing bug really had hold of this gang over here, particularly of the Army personnel. Most outstanding fisherman of them all, by his own admission, is the vigorous Lieutenant Wood. On a trip last week



to Okeechobee, the various members of his party each chipped in a dollar, the entire pool to go to whoever caught the largest fish. This honor fell to Tech Sergeant Johnny Jordan, who hooked the eight-and-a-quarter pounder shown in the accompanying picture.

The good lieutenant, seeing this little whale, maintained that he was the best so-and-so fisherman in the bunch, but that Johnny had just beat him to the fish. Snagging a six-pounder some hours later, Izaak Walton Wood was seen stuffing a handful of very tiny fish into its mouth in order to make his fish the heavier and nose Johnny out for the prize money. It didn't work, however, so the doughty sergeant came off top man.

We were honored this week by a visit from two ex-students. A Lockheed B-34 was flown in by 1st Lieutenants Lawrence A. Herman and William B. Kempton, who had taken their Primary training at Carlstrom in Class 411. The boys are keen about their work and seemed glad to see a lot of their old friends here, as well as to note the improvements that have been made since they left in July of last year. We welcome them and hope they will drop in whenever it is convenient.

Indian Talk

It seems that a certain Flight Surgeon was vacationing out of town with his new bride, when he was visited by another Captain and his bride. The latter officer having been affiliated with Army Air Corps Engineering at Dorr Field in the past, these two men were rather intimate friends; hence, the rather informal visit. During the course of the evening, the doctor was surprised to hear his friend, whom he'd always known as "Jimmy," addressed by his bride thus: "Huggy Bear, will you light me a cigarette?"

Knowing his fellow officer, Jimmy, was

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CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

by Tom Watson, Jr.

That strange, wild looking man who breezed past Jake at the front gate a few evenings ago was not, as has been rumored around, a fugitive from a jealous wife. Through his mask of desperation could be recognized the generally calm features of a man name of Vandeventer—Fred Sheram's flight, open week days 7:00 'til 12:00—who was fighting to get to work on time. His watch showed the time to be past seven already—and say, why was it that the girls he caught a ride out with were going to a cadet dance? Silly hour for a cadet dance, seven in the morning, but then you know this younger generation, and what was the sun doing rising in the West, and why weren't there any ships in the air anyhow?

Someone ought to invent a watch which indicates a.m. or p.m. for afternoon nappers.

Mental Snapshots

Sam Worley, gentleman to the last, after a check ride, "He's a good boy, but he just can't fly!" . . . Bob Banks looking and looking for a house and muttering things no Chamber of Commerce would appreciate . . . Long cadet faces as they pass the office in the rear of operations, looking vainly for the friendly little face that has been transferred to the front office.

Bill Lightfoot becoming Bill Tanglefoot with romance on his mind and an early union planned with local cutie Anita Monk . . . Many, many other romances on the fire, but Slicker Stanley remaining single through it all, even in the face of gasoline and tire rationing.

Instructors "outatducamp" trying to get recaps from the local board . . . Embarrassment of drawing a cadet with whom you took Primary CPT . . . Class 43-B worrying about sixty hour checks . . . Class 43-C worrying . . . Trailer Park residents selling radios and phonographs and opening their windows a little wider while the dulcet strains of Jim Sutton's 8 tube combination floats by . . . A few Trailer Park residents threatening to shoot Jim Sutton . . . The futility of any logical connection between aileron and corresponding rudder . . . Class 43-C worrying and worrying.

This column is not an authorized member of the editorial department, but deserving of more than passing mention is the effort, headed by Sammy Hottle and Herb Woolf, to patch up the tattered remains of the Arcadia Pilots' Club. And if the pilots of Carlstrom and Dorr cooperate—as well they should—this particular move bids well to succeed.

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GABLES-TECH TRAINEE NEWS

Dedicated to Class 2-42B

Graduation Sept. 26, 1942

by Pvt. A. Masiciki

*Listen, my classmates, and you shall hear,
Of things I know we all hold so dear;
Of the time we spent here together,
Through all studies and rainy weather;
This great vast school, a seat of learning
But all our thoughts, forever yearning;
For one so sweet who we left so sad,
Perhaps a sweetheart, mother, or dad.
Oh! We'll be going back some day,
And once again, we'll all be gay;
But while we're here or anywhere,
As son's of country we should not care;
We'll do our job as best we can,
For each of us is quite a man;
We know our job and what to do,
They say back home, "We count on you,"
So go out there lad and do your best,
And when it's over, you'll have your rest!*

Class 2-42-B

Sheet Metal Class

by F. Morse and R. Adams

Well, this will be the last column written in this Class by these correspondents for the Fly Paper.

But all good things must come to an end. So it is with regret that we leave Embry-Riddle behind. But one thing we will always have with us are the very pleasant memories of the school and the great city of Miami.

Thanks to the Legion

The Class had its last week-end out together, at a party at the American Legion Hall, and we wish to thank the Legion for its donation of the hall and the dance patio. A good time was had by all. A buffet luncheon was served, followed by community singing and dancing. The party was a huge success.

More Thanks

We wish to take this opportunity to extend our thanks to Lt. Flint and the U. S. O. for their efforts in making our party a success. We also want to thank our Instructors for their fine services in the class room.

So we will close now and hope that the fellows that come after we are gone will have as pleasant a time as we did. We will say one thing more and that is, Keep 'em Flying, boys!

WE'RE IN IT — LET'S WIN IT!

News of 3-43-A

by Pvt. F. Riddel

The bowling fans of 3-43-A have their money on "Slats" Ribak, who does his stuff every Saturday night at the Playdium Bowling League.

This Class was well represented at the Woman's Club Dance last Thursday.

"Rhumba Syd"

A special treat was given the boys when Mr. Burrows, Housing Officer at the Gables, let out with a rhumba. Take it easy, "Syd." You're making these jitterbugs look silly.

Birthday greetings in the form of a party was given "Smiling" Jack Larham at an exclusive club nearby. Besides the guest of honor, those present included, Master of Ceremonies Jim Harris (until he received an important call from Fort Lauderdale), Jimmy Whealon, and yours truly. Later in the evening, Kearns, Means, and MacLeer joined us. Everyone is now looking for someone else's birthday.

"Charlie" MacLeer is fast gaining recognition of the music lovers for his rendition of Irish ballads. He should team up with Nobles, who specializes in "tear jerkers."

Among those to leave our fold for "greener pastures" are Privates Tandy, Tanner, Lamoreaux, and West. Good luck, boys!

"Gunner" Lawrence, the 5 ft. 1 in. Goliath of the Class, has many of Frank Buck's characteristics. His ability to catch flies in class is uncanny.

This week our Class pays tribute to the State of Alabama, which gave 3-43-A the following "Rebels": Privates Means, Watson, Nobles, Morrison, Smith, and Townes.

WE'RE IN IT — LET'S WIN IT!

Music—Maestro!

Class 2-43-E

by Pvt. T. W. Martin

*Six more weeks to go,
Six more weeks to go,
We eat a while and sleep a while,
With six more weeks to go.*

There's really a message in that popular ditty. Six more weeks of skoko valves, hydraulic lines, actuating cylinders, alloys, etc. You name it and we've had it or will have it in our next class.

October 31st, Pete Hodges and his boys will become either the finest mechanics or the dumbest ditch-diggers the U. S. Army ever saw fit to employ or draft. However, we are all confident of graduating "en masse" with pretty fair marks. As you know, marks go up, and what goes up must come down.

Last week, Privates DiRusso and Martin took a solemn oath before an indignant board of waitresses never to touch the dining-hall piano again. Nothing was said in their defense as no one was sorry to see them sacrifice their musical career.

Pvt. Giampo is limiting himself to two desserts in the future. After all, the boys have to draw the line somewhere. Now if the Class can only convince Matson, Farquhar, Martin, Mercier, Habib, and McLatchey to exercise slight moderation in their food consumption, there will be enough for everybody.

"An army travels on its stomach" and we sure do take that line seriously. Howie, Heskith, Mickock, and Farquhar took that long talked about boat ride. They were glad when it was over. So were we after hearing about it for two weeks. Aeroplanes are our business, not boats.

Let's hope Hitler's quaking in his boots, for when the 2-43-E arrives over there you might as well give Germany back to the "Dark Ages."

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

Class 5-42-A

by Pvt. "Dapper"

We Heard:

That Diggins was burning because he had to get up Sunday and his team didn't show up . . .

That Duffy is now the early bird, I wonder why? . . .

That the bunch of yodelers on the second floor of 122 are wasting their time. They ought to be in show business . . .

That Leonard is the happiest soldier in Coral Gables, I wonder why? . . .

That Dietz is looking forward to a visit from the better half . . .

That a certain Rhode Island soldier sat in the Miami railroad station twelve hours Sunday waiting for his wife who was happily settled in a Coral Gables hotel . . .

Top Outfit

That 5-43-A is the top outfit in Coral Gables. Keep up the good work for the rest of your stay here . . .

That Boos is right up there as a student now. Keep that up! . . .

That Grimes wishes that he had stayed home Sunday night . . .

That Livingston is really getting a team now . . .

That 2-43-D are hanging their heads in shame after last Sunday's shellacking. What CHUMPS! . . .

That there ought to be plenty of fire works this Sunday when Livingston's "Power Strokes" meet Diggins "Bostonian Aces." Livingston promises that it will be a pushover.

SPECIAL:

Soldiers of Coral Gables!

You will soon be "Jumping with Joy." Gootrad and his "Solid Senders" are now in rehearsal for the opening session. We hear that they are swell but they need a piano and a bass viol player.

Come on fellows! You don't have to be an Eddy Duchin. If you can play a piano or a bass viol, tell your class leader who can get in touch with Pvt. David Gootrad, Class 5-43-A.

MERRY, MUSICAL MECHANICS

As an added feature, the word special being adequately reserved for a more than adequate response it hopes to get from its non-select audience (you're all invited — when we're good and ready) and will vary with just how special or especial it is after it's been heard, we give you the Embry-Riddle Soldier's Chorus.

Crack crew of merry, musical mechanics, that are more than willing to warble for you in an effort to lay stress on the maximum importance of the mechanics role in the Army Air Force. Directing this group will be Pvt. Milton Shafer, composer, pianist and conductor of Special Service. Let's all wish them the best of luck.

ROOKIES ARE COOKIES

by R. R. Godsil

Oh, a rookie's life is gay and free
Long, happy hours of K.P.
Their sergeant wakes them up each day
In no uncertain terms, they say
And each springs promptly from his cot
For he who hesitates is shot
They all with muscles fairly ooze
From making beds and shining shoes
They bravely drill in cold and heat
And dearly wish they had no feet
They each possess a sewing set
Bud d — more than they darn, I'll bet
They learn to drill, to march and fight
And Lux their longies every night
They don't carouse around the streets
Where watchful M.P.'s have their beats
And all improve in appetite
Though manners disappear from sight
They all are tidy, clean and neat
Yeah, cigarette butts are their meat
Of money worries they are freed
By crap games—or by pals in need
Their friends may come to spend a day
But, meanwhile, they are shipped away
So grab your rookie while you may
Around the waist, without delay
They can't be beat, if you would wed
They wash and sew and make their bed!

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

RADIO DOTS AND DASHES

by Bob Lipkin

The Embry-Riddle School of Aviation certainly can be proud of its radio department at the Tech school, which is now under the able leadership of Grover Hamilton. At present there are seven classes in session—three civilian, two Latin-American, and two night classes. The personnel has



been enlarged in order to keep up with the growing roster of students.

Norris McGhan and Elbert Le Gaye, graduates of the first radio class, are teaching classes of their own. Leland Terry and Mr. Hamilton also have classes.

The code room is now fully equipped to make A-1 code operators, and the radio laboratory can boast the latest equipment.

Victorygrams

Connie Miller, who has already completed his radio course, is busily constructing (deconstructing) his radio. Instead of putting the radio back together, Connie is offering a cash bonus to anyone who will take the thing off his hands as is.

Mr. Reynolds has completed construction of a stroboscope. Now that it is completed, poor Mr. Reynolds can't find anything to strobe, or anything to scope.

NOTE: Any resemblance between Bob Lipkin and Sonny Capone is purely coincidental!

WE'RE IN IT—LET'S WIN IT!

Careful!

The Indians have refused it already. That's right, Embry-Riddle, be careful, or you'll make good mechanics of us yet.

Paging More Fly Papers

The Library of Congress, Division of Aeronautics, has requested a complete file of the "Fly Paper." We are delighted that they are so interested in our little publication!

Now—through the medium of advertising, and the immediate cooperation of our readers, we finally gathered the complete file—but—we want another.

So—all your readers, please look through your "Fly Papers" and see if you have any of the following: Volume 1, any and all of the 26 issues; Volume 2, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 23, 24, 25; Volume 3, Number 23.

You will have our undying gratitude if you send us any of these missing numbers. We want a file for the Library of Congress and we also want one for ourselves. Thanks!

SEAPLANE BASE NEWS

by Win Wood, Guest Columnist

I'm supposed to be a "Guest Columnist," but don't let that "Guest" mislead you. Both Ad Thompson and Ruth Norton threatened to discontinue my flying unless I produced a five hundred word column "fit for the Seaplane Base."

This is to give fair warning to all stray souls floating around the base; if you see the aforementioned ghouls approaching, run quickly in the opposite direction, or you'll be sitting at a typewriter pounding your brains trying to dish out some gossip. Johnny Carruthers is the next victim on the list but practically living at the base, he won't have any trouble. He has all the latest tidbits, even Charlie Staller's reactions to THE new student.

Speaking of Charlie, he has a new bargain radio and delights all his students with soft, sweet, swing. It's wonderful how music helps one figure out adiabatic lapse rates. More, more, is my plea.

Did All Right

I watched Andy (Oh You Kid) Denzel (Name by courtesy of Carruthers) come



ATTENTION RED FLIGHT— GHOST SHIP EXPLAINED

Red Flight's recent reports of a ghost night flying ship may be excused when it is known that the boys were recently treated to "Fantasia" and other things. Plus "wings" exams nightmares.

in last Saturday from his dual cross country. From his pleased expression he must have done all right. Also four students soloed in the last two weeks. The Army was well represented by Lt. Flack, while Al McKesson carried the honors for the base itself. Carol Losch and yours truly kept the feminine element in the running.

The base itself is a picture of peace and contentment. The grass is getting that cared-for look; the maintenance building is going to be christened with a new coat of paint, "a lovably cream color, my deah," and best of all, cokes will be added to our present stock of milk and Dr. Pepper.

Another plane was put in use last week. While Nancy Batson took it up for a tryout, the ground crew watched lovingly. They had hammered on it for weeks and didn't intend to miss their baby's debut. There were so darn many clouds in the sky though, that we couldn't see a thing.

Ruth Norton has added to her many other activities, that of being Ad Thompson's assistant. How that woman does what she does is beyond me. I feel positively lazy just being around her.

Another item I picked up via the grapevine (Carruthers) was that Bill Waters is expecting to become a father. It's not until February; so we hope for peace for some months yet.

Prodigal Son

The prodigal son has nothing on Bill Linkstrom. He took a busman's holiday from Pan American and came down last week to keep his hand in on a Cub. Even Roger Carley, with Pan Am Ferries, manages to visit now and then, not to speak of the instructors from Chapman who come down to gaze on with envy. Ed Tierney from Chapman is back to get in some seaplane time while Bailey Balken came all the way from Pan Am. in New York just to get his private at the seaplane base.

The Army is swampin' us. New students include Capt. Pond, Lt. Daubert, Lt. Engelbert and Lt. Brasseur. It falls upon Dick Brown, who isn't a new student, to hold up the Navy end.

And as I said to Ad Thompson when he threw me in the bay after my solo—but wait a minute, I've got my five hundred words and more. Maybe they'll let me fly again. Adios, mi amigos. Take it away, Carruthers, you're next.

BRAZILIANS LOSE "SEA LEGS" IN MIAMI



These eight seamen of the Brazilian navy had "the time of their lives" during a recent week-end furlough in Miami and visited Embry-Riddle technical school where they were greeted by John Paul Riddle, president, and chatted with a few of the Brazilian cadets training at the school. The young seamen have been learning submarine warfare technique at the U. S. Navy base in Key West, Fla., for the past three months and expect to return to Brazil shortly. Left to right, Seamen Manuel M. Saraives, Wilson Maura, Mariano Vieres, Yoas T. da Silva, Mr. Riddle, Seamen Paul Milcont, Antonio S. dos Santos, Wilson O. Bezerra, and Alimor G. Leite.

CARLSTROM FIELD R.A.I. NEWS

Continued From Page 7

about one-eighth Indian, the doctor was almost pacified by that knowledge, until he heard, later the same evening, his pal's bride address him again. This time, Jimmy was summoned by, "Wounded Feather, will you light me another cigarette?" And the Flight Surgeon returned to this Field after his vacation, marveling at the beauties of his friend's married life, especially the exquisite language of address. And if Captain Jimmy (H.B. - W.F.) Gurnutt ever reads this, I hope he doesn't get too sore. We've got quite a kick out of it.

Tom Returns

Of good news to all FLY PAPER readers is the note that Tom Taylor has come back to us from his home, where he has been running his Dad's business during the latter's recent serious illness. Tom does the Flight Line news that we missed so much in his absence.

CARLSTROM FLIGHT LINE

Continued From Page 7

Now is the Time

It is the opinion of all concerned that the pilots of Arcadia can and will have a very presentable recreational organization, if they combine efforts. Let's get behind Sammy and Herb and make something out of the Pilots' Club while there's still a chance. Now is the time—soon may be too late!

A Handful of Unrelated Thoughts

A good record is not built on good luck, but good sense! . . . keep our slate clean . . . remember, the field behind never helped anybody. The field in front of you may save your neck!

LANDBASE LAMENTS

by Cara Lee Cook

by Cara Lee Cook

Chapman is a nice quiet, unassuming field. In the quiet of the morning, one has a wonderful chance to increase his knowledge of Mother Nature's wildwood—what with frogs, crabs, gnats, and quail flitting hither and yon. They tell me the wolves descend after dark, although I don't know why they boiled it down to after dark.

Along with all the other wild life we have an ample share of the canine species too—and if the humane society thinks they have the pups, they haven't seen Chapman. The office force arrives at 8:30, having enjoyed the lovely, cool drive down in the company's consolidated trolley car. The Canteen promptly does a bang-up business in the coffee line; and if you don't think the price of said commodity is going up, just ask Wilbur Sheffield.

Rolling in

At 9:00 the assembly line starts rolling; a steady and determined South American tattoo rhythm drifts into our office from the Accounting Department. Just Bill Grindell with a nervous mania for using up yards of snow white adding machine tape. At this stage the Field has lost her serenity and resembles Grand Central station. Everyone's in the air logging time, except the office crew, who under C. A. Regulations can't count time spent up in the

air. Operations gets off with a bang with seventeen people chanting in loud voices, "Give me a clearance and hand me a parachute"; and how Charlett Kasier can play Chinese checkers with the clearance officer in all this mess is beyond me. Must have a five track mind and nerves of cast iron.

Rush and Tear

And then there's always the telephone that beats out a constant rhapsody to the tune of "Jingle Jangle Jingle." Don't let this brief summary mislead you, though, we don't mind the rush and tear and excitement down here—we love it, it keeps one young and slightly on the wacky side.

The latest battle cry of the Field now is "Slap a Nat" and if you don't know what I mean just ask anyone in the near vicinity of the Field.

Tom Jacobs, of our "Ferrying Command," did the honors this trip and brought our new Cub cruiser "cl'ar down from Philadelphia." Speaking of Instructors, it has very tactfully been brought to my attention that one, Tiny Davis, has never, through this medium, been officially advertised as being on the Embry-Riddle Instructor Personnel. Well, Tiny is a swell guy, all 225 pounds of him, and at some future date, I hope to "square away" (thru courtesy of Mr. G.) the above mentioned error and bring his life history to the attention of all our readers. The only thing I've been able to get out of him to date is

something about the grocery store business.

Poor Dan Cupid

Someone has pushed Dan Cupid in the gas pit and the only other news I have is notation of the addition of June Page who will serve in the capacity of Chief Runner via the bicycle method. Enrollments show the addition of Shelia Wilcoxson and Marguerite Dowd on our femin-aire list. We also see that Ted Hunter, our Chief Guard, passed his flight test for a private license and note that Robert Caldwell was first of the CPT Secodary students to graduate.

*Gander, my lads, at the stupid droop,
Who knew he could manage an outside loop
Halfway around it he crumpled a wing
And muffed his yank on the ripcord ring.*

*Laid up for repairs is Screwball McSpeer
Who forgot about checking his landing gear.*

*He thought he'd extended and locked it
okay,
Which accounts for his landing this
singular way.*

*For Ferdinand Futts please light up a
candle.*

*He mistook the flap for the landing gear
handle.*

*He overshot, upped what he thought was
the gear,
But folded his flaps and fell on his ear.*

*Floor-Board Freddie would always say
"It don't hurt it none to fly it this way,"
He'd give it the needle to maximum, goose,
They never found out what first busted
loose.*

Pullen, Canteen Waiter



SERGEANT PULLEN SHAMED

Women really are superior to men, ya know. How do we know? Why the age-old hypothesis became an undeniable fact the other day when this little item, from Jack Hopkins at Clewiston, flew into the Fly Paper office: "That shooting game in the Canteen brought a match between one of Canteen waitresses and Sergeant Pullen, Armaments Instructor. And, believe it or not, the waitress defeated the Sergeant. Our cartoonist got this "gen" and suggests, in his own fashion, that the waitress and the Sergeant change positions, thusly:"

Canteen Waitress, Armaments Instructor



RIDDLE FIELD NEWS LETTER

Jack Hopkins, Editor

Pat Smythe, Nelva Purdon, Ted Taylor, Ralph Thyng, Kenneth Milner, Dudley Amoss, Harry Ingram, Roy Lacey, N. S. C. Colley, J. L. Kerr, Associate Editors

Nelva Purdon, Guest Editor

Since this is my first and probably my last experience along journalistic lines, please bear with me as I attempt to take Editor Hopkin's place—temporarily, of course. I've even had to convince certain people that the wrinkled brow, serious expression, and far away look were only the result of much "thinking" and concentration on the Fly Paper. So, without any more apologies and thanks to the cooperation of practically all the Departments, we contribute the following News:—

Prop Club Plays Blue Bouncers

With "Witch" Myers pitching a masterful game, the Prop Club softball team "laid it on" the Blue Flight Bouncers last Tuesday by a 10-1 score; the game was called at the 6th inning because of darkness. The Prop team scored in the first three innings and then exploded six runs in the fifth. The Bouncers squeezed over one run in the third. Better luck next time, Bouncers! Following is the score by innings:—

1 2 3 4 5 6

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------|
| Prop Club | 1 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 6 | 0 | Total 10 |
| Bouncers | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Total 1 |

A return game is scheduled for the near future.

Why don't some other departments give the Prop Club some competition? With just a little effort and a lot of "exercise" we could almost have a league right here on the Field.

Incidentally, here's a snap shot of the "Bouncers" practicing with P. T. Director Hopkins supervising.



Instructor's Club

The following report was submitted by J. J. Obermeyer on recent activities of the Instructor's Club.

"All has been rather quiet around the Instructor's Club this week, with the greater majority of the members preparing for the 'leave period.' However, a fine evening was had last Saturday, Sept. 12th, by a small group of Instructors, their wives, and guests, with yours truly serving in the capacity of Chief Bottlewasher.

"On Tuesday evening, Sept. 15, the Board of Directors held a meeting, during which time, money paid into the Link 'Kitty' by Instructors was appropriated for redecoration. F/C, J. L. Cousins will be in charge of face lifting, with C/I, Harry Lehman urging him on.

"Course No. 7 held their 'Listening Out' party on Wednesday evening, with everyone attending having an excellent time and vowing that this was the best party ever.

"Much thought has been given by members of the Club on improvements and increased social activity. Most everyone connected with the club is responding in a very fine manner and we look forward to someday having a Club of which we all can be rightly proud."

New Faces

Mrs. Bob Reese is back with us in the capacity of secretary to Mr. Durden. Mrs. Art Brown has been transferred from Operations to Accounting, replacing Mrs. Pat McCullom, who has left town. Frances Louise Roath is a new PBX operator and Mrs. Walter Blake our new messenger.

From the new faces I see around I am sure there are many more new girls in the other departments, but regret that I do not have their names. Any suggestions for "us girls" getting better acquainted?????

Scooter Evokes Pride

That broad smile you see on Mr. E. J. Smith's face "now days" is the result of the recent arrival of the new scooter bike which I understand he keeps under lock and key.

Sand in His Shoes

Wing Commander Rampling and a party were visitors at the Field recently. I am sure the entire personnel was glad to see him and extend to him an invitation to come back often. When you get this Florida sand in your shoes you always come back!

Lost!

The following "lost item" has been reported "Catholic miracle medallion, 'Madonna Mia', 1 in. high, 1/2 in. wide with image of the Virgin Mary. Reward. Anyone finding same please contact Robert Thomas, Hangar No. 1, Riddle Field.

The Athletic Department also contributed the following picture which was taken on a recent visit of Don Budge, Athletic Director from the Tech School, Miami.



Budge Shakes Hands with Jack Wooley of Green Flight.

Prop Club News

The following officers were elected at a recent meeting of the newly organized Prop Club:—"Mort" Feldman, President; A. Close, 1st Vice-President; Ruppert Wingate, 2nd Vice-President; and Jerry Greenberger, Secretary and Treasurer. To date the membership drive has been very successful, and the following committees have been appointed:—Membership—Earl Williams, Chairman with R. J. Reese, M. Mizell and Robert Hlavaty assisting; House Committee—Al Garrone, Chairman, with Ray O'Neal and Harold Jones assisting.

Among the first activities in which the Prop Club participated was the diamond ball game with Blue Flight, and they particularly wish to call Tech School's attention to the final score. (Are you listening Tech School?)

With such a good beginning and the cooperation of all, it will mean more enjoyable hours for the Maintenance staff of Riddle-McKay.

Canteen Supervisor Here

Miss Helen Scribner, Canteen Supervisor of all the Fields, spent several days with us last week on routine inspection. Speaking of canteens, here's a snapshot taken in the lounge.



Corner in the Canteen

"Boss" Tyson Returns

The entire Field welcomes our "boss man," Mr. Tyson, back. He and Mr. Len Povey spent several days last week in Union City, Tenn.

Refresher School on the Job

Mr. H. B. Cushman of Miami has completed his primary instructor's course and is assigned to a primary flight for duties as an instructor. Mr. Jack Caris of California is taking the same course. He arrived here last week driving a model A Ford all the way from California; the only trouble now is that the engine needs a major overhaul.

Mr. P. R. Greenwood of Sarasota is taking primary refresher; he has complained recently of having sore arms due to being over enthusiastic in his slow rolls.

Mr. "Form I" W. H. Mulholland is also in the primary grind; he is noted for having half the Form I wrapped around his knees, the rest around his neck, while he is busily holding down the remainder with his feet and trying at the same time to fill out the "contrary thing" in the prescribed manner.

Recent Graduates

Recently graduated from the Basic Refresher course are Primary instructors Dwyer, Taylor, Speer, and Liebman, and Flight Commanders Gunner, Brink, and Fred Perry.

Basic pilots now in the throes of the Advanced refresher are: H. "Roscoe" Brinton, of constant speed propeller fame, Squire Racener, and Assistant Flight Commander Sammy Schneider.

Mr. Day and Walker have been transferred to the Advanced course.

We learned that a certain flight commander advises bawling out the floorboards instead of the students. That seems to be one way of letting off steam and at the same time keep peace in the "family." How about counting to 100??????

Northern Vacations

Those instructors on leave who are visiting out of state are:—A. R. Brink, Gordon W. Deacon, Richard H. Dwyer, Frank J. O'Hara, Charles Liebman, William J. Kramer, David H. Binkley, C. W. Miller, J. T. Cockrill, C. C. Benson, W. K. Langhorne, A. E. McCravy, L. E. Place, C. W. Bing, Noel Ellis, Kenneth Woodward, E. P. Rooney, F. Winkler, J. D. Racener, J. E. Taylor, James L. Cousins, John Raynor, E. L. Dugger, and C. J. Hopkins. (If we have omitted any names it is entirely unintentional, but only because we did not have it called to our attention—did you turn in your leave slip on time?)

Stolen From the Miami Herald

We wonder if John S. Knight will put the Fly Paper office behind bars if we steal the Herald's "Swap-A-Ride" idea. We think not, 'cause it's all for the sake of Victory; so here goes—

Rosamond Jordan wants to know if anyone from the Tech school is goin' her way each mornin'. She lives at 4607 Alhambra Circle, Coral Gables.

Hop on the Tech Victory Wagon, everyone, and give the fellow in the next office a lift! Send your offers and requests to the Fly Paper office. We'll reserve space for them each week!

Man of the Week!!!



Our Man of the Week, Mr. John S. W. Davis, has the distinction and honor of being one of the two "real Florida Crackers" employed as flight instructor by this company. (At least so far as we have been able to find out; however, if any more of you instructors can boast of this distinction speak up.)

Mr. Davis, who is of English decent, both parents having been born in England, was born at Ft. Myers, Fla. on Aug. 8, 1913; however, he later moved to Okeechobee, Fla., and attended both elementary and high school there. "Johnny," as he is known around these parts, likes hunting, fishing, swimming, tennis, basketball, and football. He is 6 ft. 1 in. in height, weighs 165 lbs., has brown eyes and hair—and girls, he is SINGLE, though he insists he is NOT a woman hater.

No Webb Feet

He owns his own car, though he failed to report the condition of his tires, and he also owns his own plane. Johnny says that though he is a Florida Cracker he WEARS SHOES and he does not have web feet!! That twinkle in his eyes indicates, so I'm told by an authority, that he has his share of the Old Nick in him. Seriously though, he is very dependable and one of the best liked pilots on the Field.

Among his previous occupations, he has been a carpenter, school teacher, railway clerk, and airplane mechanic. He started working for Embry-Riddle Co. in 1940, Miami, Fla., later being transferred to Carlstrom and in August of 1941 he became affiliated with Riddle-McKay. He steadily advanced from Primary to Advanced Instructor and in June of this year was promoted to Assistant Flight Commander on the Advanced phase. Incidentally, Mr. Davis' first flight instructor was

"Charlie" Miller, now Advanced Flight Commander at Riddle Field.

(In the very near future we shall present the "other Florida Cracker.")

It Really Happened

Operations contributed the following incident which actually happened while F/C A. R. Brink was giving a student pilot, Jon Pullen, instructions in the art of flying. After two or three hours dual, Jon was instructed to make an approach into the field, level off, and keep coming back on the stick. "Don't let it touch. Just keep easing back on the stick," instructed Mr. Brink.

Jon followed his instructions perfectly; but upon finding that he had no more backward movement of the stick and that the plane was going to touch in spite of his efforts, he opened the throttle. "He didn't say anything about making a landing," said Jon.

R.A.F. Officer Visits Riddle Field

F/Lt. M. N. Phillips has been visiting us for the past few days and thanks are due our R.A.F. reporter for sending in the following item:—

"We have yet to welcome F/Lt. M. N. Phillips to Riddle Field. Here's to you, sir; and we hope that you're going to feel that chummy atmosphere. F/Lt. Phillips was born (he says this is no secret) November 6th, 1912, in Pretoria, South Africa. At the tender age of four he chanced the subs in the trip from S. Africa to England (this was the most important journey he has yet made) mark you, that was of course during the last "do." This time he joined the convoys en route for America.

He graduated from Liverpool Medical School in December, 1936, and as soon as the vacancy arose (in 1940) he joined the R.A.F. and has been serving in England. He is 5 ft. 8¼ in. tall, weighs 175, and has 'bags' of energy.

FLASH! He is still peeved at being hauled away from his honeymoon, having been wed on July 31st, 1942 (Hard luck, sir, we think we know how you feel). His hobby whilst in England was cricket and now that he is here he confesses that it's drinking ice water. This is bad, he is only with us for a short stay, but looked in on us on the way over." Thanks, Sgt. Henley, for helping us out.

How's Your Spanish?

Beginning October 1st, Spanish classes will be held daily except Saturday, from five to six p.m., on the third floor in the classroom adjoining the Aircraft Department office at the Tech School. All Embry-Riddle-ites are invited and urged to attend. Previous training in Spanish is NOT necessary—AND please don't stay away simply because you cannot attend every day, or because you have to be late to the class.

TECH TALK

by Madge Kessler

How does Charles Ebbetts rate all the good-looking secretaries? Helen Dillard, former Powers model, not only beauty but also brains, is his latest. His former secretary, Betty Ann Westerdahl, left us to return to college.

Former employee Murray Wilkes is now in an Army Camp in Texas and would like very much to have some of his friends at Embry-Riddle write to him. Louise Hamilton, in the Canteen, has his address.

Saw Eddie Baumgarten in the Canteen in his Army uniform looking very happy.

Radiant Jennie

Bob Hillstead's former secretary, Lucille Fox, was with us for two weeks while Jennie Mickel vacationed. I know all of the boys will be glad to know that lovely Jennie has returned. She is looking very radiant these days. Line forms to the right, boys.

Mr. Helm of the Sales Department has left us to attend a Seminary at Louisville to complete a six-months training course so that he may become a chaplain in the Army.

Lt. Hedrick and Frances Wiest, of Personnel, have been seen making eyes at each other in the Canteen.

Pleasant Surprise

Jean Duncan, station wagon driver, had a pleasant surprise. Her husband came in unexpectedly from Nassau, where he is working on a Government project.

Mr. Stewart, one of our former students, is now one of our Military Instructors. Jack Keelin, Sales Department, has another thirty day deferment—So the man versus Army—the miracle case continues.

The Kittens Embry, Dash, Riddle, and McKay, were moved from the Sales Department to Miss Fox's office, where I understand Mr. Byrnes has been taking very excellent care of them.

Gertrude Bohres, Mr. Varney's little right hand girl, has gone to North Carolina for two weeks to visit Pvt. Bohres of the U. S. Army—leaving the very capable team of Tillie Capps and Margaret De Pamphilis in charge.

Dot Schooley, formerly of Mr. Gish's office, dropped in to say hello. She is now working for the good old U. S. Government.

Well, I guess in the future I will have to get the lowdown by carrier pigeon, as we are moving the Accounting and Auditing offices to the Colonnade building in Coral Gables; and the grapevine will hardly travel that far.

COME SATURDAY!

And we mean just that — come to the Deauville on Saturday night for another super Victory Vacation Party.

Do you like broiled lobster? Or do you prefer chicken a la king? Take your choice.

What could be more fun than an afternoon of swimming and basking in the sun, a delicious dinner at dusk, and dancing to superb music on into the night.

These parties are planned and arranged for the Embry-Riddle-ites and their friends so let's see a nice turn-out from all the schools and bases. Same place, same time, same tariff.

MATERIEL CONTROL

by H. T. Ferris

The new correspondent from Materiel Control had hoped there might be something exciting, or juicy, to dish out this week; but, alas nothing thrilling has transpired, and so there is nothing much to report . . . save that things are still more or less under control.

Patricia Irving changed her name last Monday. The LUCKY MAN is Bill Monan, a good-looking Pan American pilot. We hate to see Pat leave the department; but we are wishing her all the matrimonial happiness in the world and the pleasantest kind of a honeymoon, which we understand will take her to South America.

Spook-Chaser

We also regret to announce that we are to lose another member of our personnel, Eddie (Sky Club) Hickman. Mr. Hickman, intellectually head and shoulders above the average college professor, is for some reason returning to the University of Miami this fall, for his senior year. A great loss to Materiel Control—Eddie's departure—but an even greater gain to the University of Miami . . . especially the girls. They have a great treat in store for them and we hope they will appreciate our number one spook-chaser as much as do the gals at Embry-Riddle.

Gracious Mary

Mary Gamble's smile is as lovely as always, and Janet is her ever-gracious self. Lucille is back again, and we have a new stenographer, Miss Marie Elizabeth Brown, quite an attractive blonde.

And that is all the news we have to tell, So till this time next week we say, farewell!

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir,

Through the courtesy of your publicity department and on behalf of my son, who started his flying training at Dorr Field, I receive regularly copies of your "Fly Paper" and look forward with keen interest to receiving it and find the articles therein very interesting.

Receiving your paper weekly brings back memories of a letter I received from my son when he passed his first 20 hour test—"Dear Mom, I made it. 'Gee, I'm happy."

My son is now in advanced flying school, Moody Field, Valdosta, Ga. He is the happiest boy in the world, as flying has been his childhood ambition.

He is now looking forward to the day, which is not far away, to receive his commission and wings. In a letter I received from him this week, he tells me, "Mom, I will be ready to do my part shortly, and I will show the Sons of the Rising Sun and the Nazis that Uncle Sam has the greatest fighters in the world to defend this great democracy."

I will also add and send my best wishes to the Embry-Riddle "Fly Paper" for their splendid work, and may God bless, protect, and return our boys all safe home to us mothers—after this great Victory has been WON. Thanking you again for your weekly copy.

Yours faithfully,

MRS. C. TERRY

McALLISTER VOLUNTEERS



Efficient Guards at Tech

—WE'LL RULE THE BLUE IN '42—

Chess Champion at Tech Seeks Potential Players

H. T. Ferris, of the Materiel Control Department, is wondering if there are enough chess players among the Embry-Riddle personnel to provide a chess tournament. Mr. Ferris, who stood second in the Championship of Miami contest, believes that there are probably a number of fine players in the organization, and many potential players who would like to learn the game.

In several European countries, he points out, the mastery of chess is a requisite for military strategists, and the game is taught as one of the subjects in schools preparing men for military careers. He says he will be very glad to talk to any one interested in getting chess included in the list of recreational activities.

THE GHOST IS DEAD

The word "washout" has been officially tabooed by the Army Air Forces. It should be relegated to the past as obsolete. It should be tossed in the trash basket as an out-worn bit of luxury we no longer can afford. It should be struck from our vocabularies and our thinking as definitely as the phrase "23 skidoo" of the 1900's. It is that far outdated.

There is no such thing as a "washout" in aircrew training today. The term, like the memory of a thick new set of tires every year, is a hangover from a peacetime past. As far as intelligent military thinking is concerned it pops up like "the little man who wasn't there—he wasn't there again today; gee, I wish he'd go away!"

Luxury of Waste

The term originated back in the days when we could afford the luxury of waste. War seemed as far away from us as a storm whose first cloud whips had not yet vaporized in far-off countries. Such warlike persons as bombardiers, navigators, and aerial gunners were practically unknown. And so in those halcyon days all cadets were first given pilot training.

Cadets eliminated were sent back to civilian life—they were "washouts."

Though even then the term sounded unnecessarily harsh, it stuck, and in a sense it was justified. Those who were eliminated simply were sent back to civilian life.

Later on, when the Air Corps began to need a few navigators and bombardiers, some of the eliminated pilots were recommended for those duties.

Scientific Selection

But at that time there were no such things as scientific physical and psychological tests for selecting the right man for the right job—BEFORE he started training for that job. Also, the jobs were NOT of equal importance at that time.

The far-flung corners of the world were still things pilots read about in National Geographic. It did not take a navigator to guide the pilot down the beam from one well-lighted airport to another; and the bombardier had no one to drop his bombs on when he arrived.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the word "washout" was used for any cadet who went from pilot training into any other Air Corps job. But even then, the word was becoming outdated—was becoming a misnomer.

Obsolete as the Jenny

In the globe-circling war in which we are now involved "washout" is as obsolete as the barnstorming Jenny, and its use is uninformed, if not ridiculous. The Air Forces today cannot afford to "washout" or waste men in any way, or to misplace their abilities.

A potentially superior navigator cannot be sacrificed to become a mediocre pilot. A potential hot pilot must not be allowed to become an unreliable navigator. Since both pilot and navigator often work for



hours to place an airplane in position for the bombardier to spill his load, the man who has the knack of handling a bomb sight must not be permitted to become anything else but a bombardier.

Era of Specialists

Since every man has become a specialist, since each obviously is as important as the other in winning this war, what logically should happen to the word "washout." It should die a natural death and slip painlessly away from the vocabularies of informed persons.

—THE MORE BONDS YOU BUY—
—THE MORE PLANES WE'LL FLY—

THE CROSS OF VICTORY

*The valley green lay fast asleep,
A church-bell tolled in Warwickshire,
A lonely shepherd watch did keep,
Serenity and peace were here.*

*Across the channel-waters light
A meadow green beneath the sun,
And beds of flowers blazing bright,
As if a banner newly won.*

*A castle's wall be-decked with green
Its stones made warm with life and love,
Heard girlish laughter, and a dream
Of things to come, and things above.*

*But war, and lust, and madman's hate,
Came like a Tiger in the night
And hardly could the conqueror wait,
To stamp those flowers out of sight.*

*The castle walls, now grim and cold
Fell 'neath a savage hob-nailed boot,
The laughter gone, the dreams were sold,
To be the "Conquering Hero's" loot.*

*The shepherd and the people cried,
"Defend the beaten Underpup,"
They sent their sons to fight with pride
Their battle cry was just "Thumbs Up."*

*A grizzled warrior, gaunt and thin,
With multifold strength of a million-men,
A stalwart youth, eyes so grim,
Joined battle for freedom then.*

*The madman stripped the granaries bare,
And left the people to starve and freeze.
That rocky, barren pasture there,
Was once a forest of graceful trees.*

*The strong young man with steel gray eyes,
The warrior with his piercing glance,
The Shepherd, the people, and their allies,
Have waited and now they have their chance.*

*The trees are felled and the woodsman gone,
But the world shall wait, and it shall see,
That out of the spirit that did no harm,
Will rise the Cross of Victory.*

DEAUVILLE DITTIES

by Lucille Valliere

Ese baile del sábado pasado . . . Oh! Pardon me, it's those Spanish lessons again . . . Well, anyway—that dance last Saturday night was one of the best. To start things off, the food was scrumptious—lobster cocktail, broiled steaks, chef's salad, ice cream, and all the fixin's. The music somehow seemed even better than usual—plenty of nice, dreamy waltzes and rhythmic rhumbas—just what the doctor ordered for us "non-jitterbugs." Those who didn't show up really missed "something." Full moon out on the clipper deck, too, my lads and lassies.

Wain Plays Cupid

Wain Fletcher, our charming and capable hostess, who makes all this dance business so much fun, bustled about as usual, "seeing to it" that everyone was happy . . . and that the right little boys were meeting the right little girls, etc. The table occupied by Wain and her equally charming sister and sweet little "May Robsonish" mother was, as always, the most popular "stopping off" spot for the dozens of guests (especially male) who seem naturally to gravitate in that direction, where they are always sure of three friendly smiles and a warm welcome.

Girls Outnumber Boys

RAF boys were there in an unusual abundance. Girls were in about equal

force with boys. In fact, Bill Shanahan has reported to the "boys in the office" that it was a "wonderful dance"—all the boys had dates . . . and there were even one or two left over to spare, at least he says HE had more than he could handle.

Here and There

Madge Kessler and her daughter, Laverne, conspicuous by their absence. Rachel Lane there with Lt. R. B. Kruidenier. And, best surprise of all, was the appearance of Officer Candidate Gerry Murphy (formerly "Mother Murphy," beloved guardian and counselor to the Latin-American cadets) and his very happy and vivacious Claire.

By the way, our good neighbors to the South were far better represented than they have been for some time . . . the Chileans taking the lead for attendance with a table surrounded by Bill Bustamente and June Kreiger, Jorge Robertson and Charlotte Dewey, Sergio Eberhardt and Betty Cole, Chester Galeno and Ruth Rainbolt. The Brazilian delegation, of which "yours truly" was a member, consisted of Messrs. Vinicius Vargas, who was celebrating his birthday, and Adrian Ponso. Willie Rivas, Central America's sole representative, was accompanied by the returned convalescent, Dan Willig, Engine student

Embry, Dash, Riddle, and McKay



Invading the privacy of a lady's corner, Charlie Ebets caught Madame Tech and three-quarters of her clan at luncheon. Social Lion McKay was dining out, no doubt.

and prominent dormitory resident from Cincinnati. Welcome back, Dan.

Uruguayans Missed

What's happened to those erstwhile "Deauvillites," the Uruguayans . . . especially Mr. Adolfo "MacFadden" Sasco? (Ditto our Argentine friend, Patrick Geoghagen). It was mighty fine to see Syd "Rhumba" Burrows there with his pretty wife, Tibby. June McGill appeared momentarily with her "very special" young man.

Students and others who came were John Schimden, John McCutchy, Bud Murphy, K. F. Castlidine, Vadah Thomas, Ed Barnes, Joe Boston, and scores of others.



All's Well for Welders!

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